TTER, ETHER AND MOTION. The Factors and Relations of Physical Science. By A. E. Dolhear, Ph. D. Professor of Physics in Tuffer College, Revised edition. Enlarged. Pp. x, 407.

FROM NOTHING TO CIVILIZATION.

College. Revised Lee & Shepard. MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE, And Other Anthro-pological Essays, By Thomas H. Huxley, (Col-lected Essays, Volume VII.) Pp. xtl. 328, D. Appleton & Co.

CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B. A., F. G. S. With Nu-merous Elustrations by J. Smit and others. Ph.

BIOLOGICAL LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.
Delivered by the late Arthur Milnes Marshall.
M. A. M. D., D. Sc., F. R. S. Edited by C. F.
Marshall, M. D., B. Sc., F. R. C. S. Pp. vili.
353. Macmillan & Co.

THE PSYCHIC FACTOR. An Outline of Psychology, By Charles van Norden, D. D., LL. D. Late president of Elmira College. Pp. vil. 223, D. Appleton & Co.

In Mr. Hutchinson's new book, which is very much like his former work, "Extinct Monsters," there is a paragraph that refers to an incident in the history of science in New-York. Alluding to the models of hadrosaurus and dryptosaurus and other fossils made by Waterhouse Hawkins some years ago, the author expresses sorrow to learn that these constructions have since "been destroyed and ignominiously cast into the lake," and adds: "Incredible as it may seem, we are informed that this wanton piece of destruction was wrought at the bidding of a certain Mayor of New-York, who, unfortunately for the cause of science, considered that the results arrived at by geologists did not harmonize with revealed re-There are elements of humor in these lines. It is true that models made by Mr. Hawkins were destroyed. How serious a blow to selence the loss of them was is a question for experts. But the iconoclast was not a Mayor of New-York. Memory fails to recall the name of a single Chief Executive of this city who would have cared to pose as a defender of Genesis against the attacks of modern naturalists. deed it is doubtful if the Scriptures figured soriously in the dispute over these models. They were broken up, we believe, at the instance of a gentleman who won his fame as an amateur in

cience by having the skeleton of the great right whale now in the Museum of Natural History made presentable with a coat of whitewash. Though the books cited at the head of this article are of various degrees of merit, together they give a fairly complete view of the progress of the universe from motionless ether to the multiplicity of the present world. Dolbear is an efficient defender of the theory which supposes matter to be merely the resultant of motion, infinitely rapid, of vortex rings in the ether which fills space. He illustrates the possibility of these vortex rings the peculiarities of those which are formed in air by the puffs from a locomotive or from the lips of a cigar smoker. While these are called smoke rings, they are really rings of air in which the smoke is whirled. This makes them visible. but similar rings are doubtless formed in the viewless air continually. Intangible as these rings are, they have the attributes of independent bodies. The particles of smoke show that besides their more or less direct motion upward, they have also a whirling motion around the circular axis of the ring. As long as this internal movement continues, the rings retain their shape. If they impinge on each other, they be tray elasticity. They may change their shape in currents of air, and if their internal motion is strong enough, may recover the original circular form. According to the hypothesis, the vortex rings in ether are inconceivably small. They compose the chemical elements which make up sequently it is they crowding upon each other which give to matter its dimensions, shape, density, and all the rest of those attributes which seem to make it an ultimate fact in science and philosophy. Of course all this is conjecture. But it meets better than clmost all other conectures the facts of observation. The trouble with the theory is that it seems to eliminate mind as a cause from the universe. Professor ness apart from the world, and working in it or upon it, cannot be inferred from the data of the human mind. If every physical process in the world were suddenly stopped, it would mean longer turned on its axis. Light would cease, for it is a wave motion; heat, because it is a vibratory motion; chemical change, because it is due to heat. "There would be neither solid nor liquid nor gas, for each depends upon conditions of temperature, that is, of heat which is assumed to be absent; there would be no sight, for that implies wave motions; nor sound, for that implies air waves; nor taste, for that implies chemical action; nor smell, for like reason; nor touch, for that implies pressure—the result of notion. The heart would cease to beat, the blood to flow, and consciousness would be stopped. Every one of the senses would be obsterated or annihilated; nothing would happen, because there would be no change anywhere. The tiny movements that constitute matter would fall apart in quiescence, and space, which seems to be overrun with worlds, would instantly become a void. The chain appears to be complete. Unless one is ready to assert, however, that the infinitesimal movements which make all other motion possible originate themselves. there is something back of all conditions of temperature whose existence must be accounted for. But that is a metaphysical problem. Following the line of thought proposed by Professor Dolbear, it must be seen that human consciousness, an effect dependent on so many interlacing causes cannot be used to prove mind in the universe. But supposing that the human mind can exist independently of the body in the form of a spirit, then some curious results follow. It must be remembered that the earth turns on its axis at a rate which would oblige the disembodied soul of a person who died at the equator to travel at the rate of a thousand miles an hour to keep the company of the corpse. In addition to that, the earth is constantly shifting position in its orbit round the sun at a speed of nearly 70,000 miles an hour. Worse still, it is accompanying the whole planetary system in a mystic journey, and is traversing constantly new depths of space at the rate of 125,000 miles an hour. The disembodied spirit is supposed to be relieved from all the chains of matter which include gravity and inertia. These would help it to stay on earth, or to come back if it flew away. But as they do not exist for it, it must exert some force of its own that will enable it to travel at least 125,000 miles an hour, and then it will simply be able to hover alongside the orbit of the earth. ready to drop upon the spheroid as it whirls by on its annual round. How it will find the place which it once inhabited may be left to the imagination, "for the earth wabbles for numerous reasons, and what seems to us, who have bodies held by gravitation to the earth, as so

would instantly discover that he had an engineering problem of a high degree of complexity." This study of mind and of the disembodied spirit in the light of a thorough-going mechanical view of the world is only one among the striking results of Professor Dolbear's ingentous inquiry. Even the assertion of the properties of atter is greeted with a measure of scepticism, and it is clearly shown why Labotchewski and Clifford and others questioned even so well demonstrated a proposition as that the included angles of a plane triangle are equal to two right angles. In its enlarged form the book is even more closely reasoned that it was before. Meanwhile it must be remembered that an innumerable series of things animate and inanimate occuples the interval between the origin of matter and the destiny of mind. If it is difficult for a

quiet and smooth running that we are never

conscious of the motion for an instant, is so

simply because gravity takes care of us. Once

surrender that, and undertake to depend on

some supposed private source of energy, and one

mechanical philosopher to find a place for mind, it is not less difficult for the psychologist to separate it from life. Dr. Van Norden's little book illustrates the legitimate tendency of modern thought to find mental processes in the lowest organisms. He puts the meaning of recent observation and inference in an axiom when he says, "Living matter is always psychic." The rudiments of feeling, and possibly even of will, may be found in plants. Some plants are so sensitive that they faint at a touch, they respond to stimulus, and the so-called carnivorous plants seem almost incapable of design, or at least instinct. The evolution of animals fills up the history of mind without a break from plants to man himself, so that from bottom to top there is nothing greater than the living cell, the steps in progress being: First, single cells with & psychic factor and conscious of their own simple activities; then colonies of such cells pervaded by a fellow-feeling; then communities federally united and with a communal consciousness, the individual cell-mind now tending to work automatically; then communities in which some cells set apart to feel, think and will for all the rest-in short, with nothing less than veritable government. Such a government is man. There would seem to be as little room here as in the mechanical theory for mind without body. The one is as composite as the other. If body is made up of cells, mind is made up of cell functions, and when the cells cease to act together in their corporate capacity, the function they were fitted to perform ceases to be performed. Roughspeaking, that is death. But Dr. Arthur Milnes Marshall, the microscopist, endeavored in one of his posthumous essays to make a more minute study of death than this meagre definition would imply. At the bottom of the scale of life it is not easy to see that death occurs at "An amoeba, for example, reproduces by simply dividing into two. In such an act of fission the parent generation disappears, but nothing has died." So in the metazon, even the highest, it is not the individual cells that disappear, but the organism, and it is true of every species that there is an absolute continuity of living material. Nevertheless, it has been shown by the experiments of Maupas with infusoria that literal death preceded by disease and mal formation and various indications of sentity is direct result of long-continued cell-division providing the progeny of a single cell are kept om communication with others of the species. Death, then, Mr. Marshall held to be neither an intrinsic necessity of life nor of organization, but of the species. The individual disappears to petuating the species. The author extended the statement that no protozoon has ever lost an ancestor by death by adding: "There is not a sin gle component cell in the body of a metazoon that has ever lost an ancestor by death." The general inference from this is that death as familiar to mankind is merely the breaking of the bond which unites groups of cells and cell-func-

tions together. Another essay by Dr. Marshall explains th processes of embryology by which living creatgrowth the steps in evolution passed by remote ancestors, so that between protoplasm and perfection even man himself betrays his relation ship to fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds approximate than otherwise; that in the one case only a few of the changes are recorded which must have taken place in the other; and that many embryonic transformations could could not maintain an independent existence through certain stages of its growth. But if this defect had ever characterized its ancestors in post-embryonic life, the species would have dis one stage of its growth has no gullet. But dog fishes that had to swallow their food must al ways have had an open passage by which they could swallow; otherwise they would have "The Shapes and Sizes of Animals," Dr. Marshall discussed briefly points which are illustratthat all motion had ceased. There would then by certain fishes and reptiles, the real giants, past and present, have been the mammals; and in point of size and then have wholly disappeared or have dwindled, as in the case of the edentates, represented once by the huge glyptodon and the still larger megatherlum, but now by creatures of small size. Comparing the past with the present, it should be remembered that the largest animal probably that ever lived is still alive in the whale. The relics of the zeuglodon cetoides, found in Alabama, while they show how numerous such creatures were in other days, do not show that they attained the size of individuals captured in recent times. It seems a curious freak of authorship to associate the whale in the same chapter with the wombat, as Mr. Hutchinson does; but the juxtaposition is merely a matter of convenience. The story of the discovery of a fossil wombat in Australia as large as a bullock reminds one of the bit of folklore which attempts to explain the present small size of this animal. It is said that the animals agreed that the sun was too hot and that it should be prevented from rising. Various other creatures tried to bind the luminary, but were all burned to death. Finally the wombat succeeded, but from being one of the largest animals on earth was shrivelied by the heat to its present insignificance. Mr. Hutchinson surveys in a popular manner the fossil domain, supplementing his previous work, not without some repetition here and there, nor without the aid of the descriptive and illustrative imagination. It will hardly be before geology has practically exhausted its field that certainty can be attained respecting some of the creatures depicted in this book. Except in the case of the horse, where, thanks to Professor Marsh and others, the chain is complete. there is little effort to apply the theory of evolution. Indeed, Mr. Hutchinson is sceptical as to the relations of dinosaurs and birds. In a chapter on the dinosaurs discovered by Professor Marsh he argues against the conjecture of Professor Huxley that dinosqurs and birds were derived from a common ancestor. He inclines merely to parallelism. Similar habits have pro-

duced a similar external appearance as in the case of pterodactyls and bats, but without causing more than a superficial resemblance between the two kinds of creatures. The seventh volume of Professor Huxley's "Collected Essays" contains papers which link the biological history of man to that of the lower animals, and carry on that history to the dawn of modern civilization. Most of the essays were written long ago, and as the author points out have in substance been incorporated with later thinking on the subject. But they remain to show how narrow and yet how difficult to get over is the gulf between the higher apes and man, and how little change there has been in man himself between the probable era of the fossil remains of Neanderthal, Engis, Engihoui and other places in Europe. The inference from this unity of form continuous for so long a time is that Europe, for example, has been inhabited from exceedingly remote times by the races which are still found there, and that revolutions in language that have occurred do not indicate any corrresponding change in population. Mr. Huxley takes no positive ground on the question of the origin of the human race, that is, as to whether it started from many individuals or from a single pair. Either opinion is possible. But his theory of the distribution of long heads and short heads, of black and yellow and fairskinned people, does away with the necessity of those waves of migration which have figured largely in prehistoric speculation. When the beginnings of culture began to show themselves man was already distributed, and between the yellow men of Africa, the fairer races extended from have in substance been incorporated with later man was already distributed, and octween the yellow men of northeastern Asia and the black men of Africa, the fairer races extended from Central Europe to the Pamirs. The vast sea of which the Caspian and its neighbors are the syaporating less must then have been in egissence, and its presence is sufficient to amount for

the divisions among the hypothetical primitive Aryans as well as for the curious fact, so much dwelt upon, that the Aryan word for the beech tree, by its presence or its absence, marks a geographical distinction between those who have retained it and those who have lost it. But the geographical distinction between those who have retained it and those who have lost it. But the word for sea is said to be fully as significant in its way. Indeed, it has been argued from the absence of a uniform root with this meaning that the Aryans were an inland people, as they could not have been on the shores of such a body of water as Professor Huxley describes, and there is also trouble on the score of fish and fishing. But scattered around a vast sea the people who had once owned a common origin and a common language, forgot the one and changed the other. The Aryan movement was thus the slow process The Aryan movement was thus the slow process of ages, and the only case in which there was a migration was that of which the memory is recorded, namely of the white race into Porcia migration was that of which the memory is re-corded, namely, of the white race into Persia and India. But all over Europe in the prehis-toric times, to judge from the relics found, as Professor Huxley points out, there were tail and short men, and long-skulled and broad-skulled men, and probably fair and dark men, just as there are now. Among these the Aryan lan-guages survived. These people, thinks Professor guages survived. These people, thinks Professor Huxley, may well have originated their own civilization without the aid of the more advanced races on the Nile and the Euphrates. All this emphasizes the point that the early distribution of mankind may have been like that of the lower animals, a purely unconscious process. Thus whichever way one turns with man, whether to his origin, his early movements, his physical or his mental structure, one finds out the relationships which he has long tried to deny.

A ROUNDHEAD LEADER.

A NEW EDITION OF EDMUND LUDLOW'S MEMOIRS.

THE MEMOIRS OF EDMUND LUDLOW. Lieu-tenant-General of the Horse in the Army of the Commonwealth of England, 1625-1672, Edited with Appendices of Latters and Liustrative Documents, By C. H. Firth, M. A. In two vol-umes. Pp. 1xix., 548; 571. Macmillan & Co.

This new edition of Ludlow's Memoirs enables

the general reader to form a clear opinion of his

own respecting the author. Though the Lieuten-

ant-General of the Horse was an immensely popfor his opposition to Cromwell. In recording a partial history of his times he made himself a witness whose word was to be subjected to keen scrutiny. As time went on this scrutiny became almost hostile. Cramwell rose in the estimation word. As between him and the Parliament, it was he that came the nearer to the subsequent devices in behalf of English liberty. deliberately. All his biographers, whether they wish it so or not, give the impression that the mere succession of events forced him to take to himself the executive power of the Long Parliato call other legislative assemblies more or less irregularly, even to the convening of what stood for a House of Lords. It is plain that Cromwell was amenable to the common-sense of the peamore clearly than any of his contemporaries what the nation desired. The vital change that came in 1688 justified his forecast. But when he shiftlimited in means and was held to the rude activino indication that he had to suffer the pinch of him; he dattered, cajoled, threatened and e harsh poverty even in his exile. His face and Parliament; he was intolerant at the begin the hard knocks which he received, remained and as Mr. Firth says, "did not always discover others), he fell into a discussion before the head of Trinity College on nominalism and realism. and made some rash assertion which led the master to exclaim:

ow upon the wall, said it was an horn; was that an horn?"

"Yes, it was a horn," replied Ludlow, "a real horn.

Now, this peculiarity of Ludlow must be considered, if his attitude throughout the struggle of Roundheads and the Cavaliers is to be understood. He did not always see things as they were. He lacked also from first to last what may, for want of a better term, be called the courage of the initiative. How he gained the armor. wife he finally married is perhaps unknown, but the bargain which he made while in the Inner Temple is a good illustration of the defect in his character. Through some accident the agreement has been preserved by which Edmund Ludlow, of Maiden Bradley, Wilts, binds himself to pay Anthony Errington, of London, and Francis Bukley, of Studiey, fifty pounds apiece if they
OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER. By Mrs. Campbellprocure him a wife worth [4,000], and the same
Pracul. D. Appleton & Co. sum for each additional f1,000 in the wife's CLEOPATRA. A Romance. By Georg Ebers. dowry. The Civil War, perhaps, or some equally efficient cause prevented this very unromantic bargain from being carried out. Ludlow's first experience in war may be cited to show that this indecision followed him until be acquired the habits of a soldier. "Like Fleetwood, Harrison, and many other distinguished officers, he began his military career as a private in the Earl of Essex's life-guard, which consisted of a hundred gentlemen, under the command of Sir Philip Stapleton." The recollection of his first exploit amused Ludlow himself. He tells how certain of the life-guard, alarmed by the supposed approach of the King's men after the skirmish at Powick Bridge, volunteered for a reconnaisance. young guardsmen, "for the most part strangers to things of this nature," were in the humor to see hostile soldiery wherever they looked. Their commander was not with them. His lieutenant, an old soldier named Baynard, gave an order to wheel about, whereupon the whole company fled back to the army, "and the next morning," says Ludlow, dryly, "rallied at the headquarters, where we received but a cold welcome from the tiated with strangely vivid and daring power. General, as we well deserved." Shortly afterward Ludlow's fortitude, of which he had more than enough, was tested in the defence of War. dour Castle, which he held with a small body of troops until all the food in the fortress was consumed. In this case he knew exactly what Parliament expected of him, and he carried out the commands even beyond the letter. The exploit made him a man to be reckoned with by his party as long as he lived. But it was found that he would not lead in any great affair. In the midst of plots and counterplots that environed him in his exile, he deliberated until the chance of action was lost wisely enough, but greatly to the displeasure of men eager to restore the Commonwealth. The stirring Colonel Blood found that "he was very unable for such employment." To Wade, one of the Rye House plotters, Ludlow remarked that he had done his work in the world and was resolved to leave it to others. In the light of these things it seems as if Mr. Firth's sentence should be reversed where he says that Ludlow's "courage was active rather than pas-sive in its nature." He was active only when he

In word and deed, however, he was the stub-

knew that action was indispensable. "He had

not the fertility in resources, the readiness to

seize opportunities, the skill to organize conspir-

ators, the willingness to lead forlorn hopes, which

make a good leader of revolts."

born, unflinching supporter of government exclusively by Parliament. For this reason his name became the rallying cry of the men who would not accept the Restoration as the final defeat of their principles. His voice in Parliament and his sword in the field had been raised only for what he and they deemed the only form of "Amongst the exiles," reliberty for England. marks Mr. Firth, "there were abler heads than his, but Sydney and St. John had drawn back when the time came for shedding the King's plood. Goffe and Whalley and Hewson were soldiers as good as Ludlow-perhaps better-but they had supported the usurpation of Cromwell, and Desborough was too near akin to the Protector. But through good and evil fortune Ludlow had remained faithful to republican ideals, his devotion had never hesitated, his constancy never been seduced. His unbending obstinacy had become a virtue." Though he had knowledge of all the conspiracies against the Stuarts, he had no hand in any; and yet he was in every one supposed to be the controlling spirit. He never left Switzerland after he took refuge there, but officials were continually disturbed by reports of his being astir in England. Twice in one year (1660) his capture was reported. At the same time he and his companions were beset by hired assassins in their places of exile and Lisle was murdered the moment he relaxed the vigilance | ine's character is admirably drawn. To picture a which all the fugitives had to exercise. In the scherest second thought, after all the rumors of Ludlow's return to England had been exploded, the Royalist Bishop Parker in his "History of His Own Time" called him the "head and even the dictator of all conspiracies, who, though driven into banishment, did yet govern all their lenges attention because the counsels." In contrast with all this conjecture, ored to give her a better fame than she has had in Ludlow's own reminiscences seem to have an air of moderation. But as long as an echo remains of the party cries of the bliter times in which he lived, there will always be a dispute as to the limits of his trustworthiness. Those who have a tenderness for the memory of Charles I will will always pay more than due reverence to Ludlow's memory. Between these two classes there of Cromwell, and to these the name of Ludlow | patra's goodness because the facts with which the found respect for him. He could not deny him the virtue of candor and truthful intents. Ludlow. has been justified in his political aspirations, for modern England is governed by the House of Commons, and the power of royalty and nobility was least painful. But this is a stain upon her has ceased to threaten the nation. His instinct character which cannot be wiped out, has proved in the long run more accurate than fact to be considered is that these personal studies

Cromwell's farsightedness. These memotrs, then, can only be criticised successfully in matters of detail. The evidence is conclusive that Ludlow had little help from other writings of the time, published or unpublished. It But it is remarkable how many of these relate to those events or to the motives of personages. If of Charles I and a suppression of facts, as Guizot aries I ame at the list intentional on the list it is plainly not intentional on the list writer. His partisanship can always be distinct. It is a list in the list intention in the list some share. It was just his lack of initiative that obliged him to look beyond himself for authoritative command. Having once given in his allegiance, it was not in his nature to change. He had giance, it was not in his nature of consistenthe somewhat meagre virtue of consistenth whatever excellences there were in Cromws character, this was not one of them. He wo have saved the King, and yet he vated to have saved the king, and yet he vated to luly counted and weighed. Ludlow was expert in the spelling of proper names expert in the spelling of proper names. He had apparently some mental peculiarity which caused him to mistake one name for another resembling it more or less closely. These aberrations are left in the text, but set right in the notes. The antique spelling has been imitated, but the old-fashioned capitals were more than Mr. Firth could endure and they have been reduced to the ranks. Full particulars are given in the introduction about editions, about the documents which Ludlow used when he had any and about the more important incidents of his life. He was singularly retirent as to his private life. There is a portrait in the first volume, copied from a drawing made by R. White in 1689, from which it appears that this particular Roundhead were a full-bottomed wig and looked like a judge in armor.

.... CURRENT FICTION.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW BOOK.

THE JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Company.

VALIANT IGNORANCE. By Mary Angela Dickens, Macmillan & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC. By G. Colmore. D. Appleton & Co. THE QUEEN OF LOVE. By S. Baring-Gould. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE ROBBS ISLAND WRECK, By Lynn R. Meekins, Stone & Kimball.

Perhaps the most curious thing about modern fletion is its average of excellence. With every season there come into existence a swarm of novels notable in many ways, showing imagination, con-structive ability, and the pleasant gift of style Few of these tales, however, live beyond the twelve-month or are ever re-read by the purchaser. But now and then comes a book that speaks of The enemy was really four miles away, but the genius, one that is above the fashion of the hour, one to which the whims and moods of the time bear no relation. Such a book is that in which Mr. Kipling tells us his marvellous stories of jungle life stories which shall enchain young and old work of an artist and an artist made great by forest creatures are invested with all the fundabeast in all that wild company can ever be for gotten or confused with another. There are scenes in these pages which one cannot recall without a thrill of the nerves. Witness the mighty midnight dance of the elephants, and the weird terror of the ruin when the great python, Kaa, casts his snake-spell upon the shuddering monkeys, and Baloo, the bear, and Bagheera, the panther, find safety only in the touch of Mowgli, the man-cub:

safety only in the touch of Mowgli, the man-cub:

The moon was sinking behind the hills and the lines of trembling monkeys huddled together on the wails and battlements looked like ragged shaky fringes of things. Italoo went down to the tank for a drink and Bagheera began to put his fur in order as Kanaglided out into the centre of the terrace and brought his laws together with a ringing snap that drew all the monkeys' eyes upon him. 'The moon sets,' he said. 'Is there yet light enough to see?' From the wails came a moan like the wind in the tree-tops.''We see, O Kan.''''Good. Begins now the dance the Dance of the Hunger of Kaa. Sit still and watch,'' He turned twice or thrice in a big circle, weaving his head from right to left. Then he began making loops and figures of eight with his body, and soft oozy triangles that melted into squares and five-sided figures, and coded mounds, never nurrying, and never stopping his low humming song. It grew darker and darker, till at last the dragging, shifting coils disappeared, but they could hear the rustle of the scales. Baloo and Bagheera stood still as stone, growling in their throats, their neck-hair bristling, and Mowgli watched and wordered. 'Banuar-log,'' said the voice of Kaa at last, ''Can ye stir foot or hand without my order? Speak'''—''Without thy order we cannot stir foot or hand. O Kaa!'''-'Good! Come all one pace nearer to me.'' The lines of the monkeys swayed forward helplessly, and Baloo and Bagheera took one stiff step forward with them. ''Nearer,'' hissed Kaa, and they all moved

again. Mowgli laid his hands on Baloo and Baghera to get them away, and the two great beasts started as though they had been waked from a dream.—"Keep thy hand on my shoulder," Baghera whispered. "Keep it there, or I must go back—must go back to Kaa. Ah!"—"It is only old Kaa making circles on the dust," said Mowgli; "let us go"; and the three slipped off through a gap in the walls to the jungle.—"Whoof!" said Baloo, when he stood under the still trees again. "Never more will I make an ally of Kaa," and he shook himself all over.—"He knows more than we," said Baghera, trembling. "In a little time, had I stayed, I should have walked down his throat."—"Many will walk by that road before the moon rises again," said Baloo. "He will have good hunting—after his own fashion."—But what was the meaning of it all?" said Mowgli, who did not know anything of a python's powers of fascination. "I saw no more than a big snake making foolish circles till the dark came. And his nose was all sore. Ho! Ho!"

Mr. Kipling reveals anew in this book his wonder-

Mr. Kipling reveals anew in this book his wonderful certainty of stroke. Every sentence tells, every smallest word is set as perfectly in its place as Nature has set the smallest bone that moves be neath the panther's velvet hide.

Can a brilliant and erratic Irishman of noble lineage successfully play in Australia the double. parts of highwayman and respectable selector and work, which whi also have, almong other linear tions, photogravures of all obtainable portraits the poet. It is expected that the "Life" will be completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the third centenary of the death of the completed for the completed for the completed for the completed for the complete for the completed for the complete for t parts of highwayman and respectable selector and an air of truth, is full of exciting situations, and is set forth with almost masculine vigor and humor. The story is thoroughly entertaining and the herogirl whose breeding is deficient, whose flirtation are in extremely bad taste, and whose heart is rather hard, and yet to make the reader like and pity her, is surely a triumph. Cleopatra is only a secondary figure in Ebers' new novel, the true heroine being one who barely escapes her murderous jealousy. Yet she chal-

author has endeav-

the minds of historians, poets and romancers. In his view of her character he takes one extreme, while the other is occupied by a famous short story of Theophile Gautier, with the figure drawn by Shakespeare holding a middle place. Practically both Shakerpeare and Ebers draw upon the same authority, the only difference being that the former used Plutarch in translation while the latter, of course, appeals to the original. It is, perhaps, a testimonial to the German novelist's candor as man of both imagination and learning to say that has not changed the realities with which he author has to deal are utterly intractable. even the most vivid historical fancy such as transports one to the heart of remote ages, can reconcile one's prejudices to certain acts of the Egyptian Queen even where she was innocent of wrong. Though Ebers says less than he might, he betrays clear knowledge that Cleopatra enjoyed the suffer ings of others. He passes with a word her experiupon criminals and others with poisons. when she was deliberating upon the on her part were unnecessary. There was no polson known in her day the effect of which could not be minutely described by the learned Egyptian physicians of her court. backward science, but the chapter on toxicology no more failed then of being up to the times than I watch the writhings of agonized and dying fellow creatures except for the pleasure which she took in giving pain. The only apology that can be made tim of disease. With that aspect of her case in view, unquestionably a profoundly interesting study made. To it all the main episodes in her life would contribute, for cruelty was to be pected from a woman who had ruled so many passionate men and yet turned coward when ing to the Queen's conduct in running away from where she retired, thinking the victory already won. In that case her crime was one of ignorance. The defence is worse than the old charge that she intended to play the traitor with Anthony in order to gain the favor of Octavian. For Cleopatra was no dainty maid just escaped from the tutors and prosing philosophers. She was past the middle point of life, and she had a sufficiently mental and physical powers. If she could not endure the shock of battle she must have known her

the figure of a young singer whom for a time Cleopatra suspects of designe upon Antony. It is thoroughly suitable to the character of the Queen to have this young person rescued by a stratagem. the "Egyptian lioness," this device would have been needless in the light of Ebers's introduction to his novel. Archaeologically the story turns upon the discovery in 1892 of the fragment of a colossal all kinds-a fact with which my father was frankly e statue in Alexandria which almost certainly plans for erecting the new statue while the Queen is at Actium serve to bring out all the characters and to put them very naturally into relation with each other. The translation is good.

Miss Dickens gives us a story which bears all the marks of effort—and we may add, mistaken effort. Its motive is the power of heredity, the working out in the son of those evil traits which made the father a swindler and suicide. This theme is, of course, far from original, and the the Anglican Church, 1894." The Professor has now theme is, of course, far from original, and the author has failed to exhibit any originality of treatment. The construction of the book is good-the story "marches" naturally to its conclusion if we accept the theory which Miss Dickens attempts to illustrate. The characters, however, are unpleasant where they are not colorless, and the London society in which they move has a cheap and nasty air. The book is thoroughly melancholy. It is so entirely without humor that it would seem to show that its author is in herself proof of the faisity of her argument in favor of direct inheritances. There is nothing of Charles Dickens in this work of his daughter. Another pessimistic novel turning on heredity is "A Daughter of Music." There are indications of talent in this book, but they are so overlaid with emo-tional affectations as to be little less than exas-perating. We suspect that if its author would devote herself to the study of real life and actual character she might do excellent work, for when she is not too busy in pumping up the Intense she shows us glimpses of subtle perception and graphic force. Why is it that few novelists can touch the subject of Music without at once failing into absurdity, and striking false notes by the score?

S. Baring-Gould renews in his novel "The Queen of Love" his old-time quarre! with the "Rigid Righteous" among English dissenters. The harshness of a selfish rectitude which is almost as unlovely as hypocrisy is well seen in a character such as that of Jabez Grice, who always does what he "ought to do." The contrast between a group that would naturally gather around Grice and the people of a travelling circus is vivid enough to give the story a brisk start; and as the plot develops it fastens upon a much wider range of character than might be anticipated from the beginning. There are fierce hatred and a savage tragedy beneath the prosaic lives of the sait-makers among whom the story works itself out. There is also a minute study of the realities necessary fiction. The author has shown the same care here of a popular tradition. But in spite of the beauty of some of the characters, particularly that of the heroine, the novel leaves painful thoughts and its

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins's most successful work is not to be found in the story which gives the title to his volume, but in his sketches of politics and politicians in the country districts. In David Gad, the country crossroads grocer, who is nominated for sheriff, with apparent unwillingness and innocence of manoeuvre, but who develops into a clever campaign manager, falls out with the county leaders, defeats them and establishes a new leadership of his own, a picture is drawn of a man often seen, but seldom written about. Mr. Meekins shows himself to be intimately acquainted with the life which revolves around a small village postoffice and with the characters who make minor politics a business. "The Robb's Island Wreck" is a story of the hersism of a young life saver, but he is really subordinate to the old captain of the lifesaving crew, whose evolution from crusty old bachelorhood to shaggy gentleness as the husband of a widow is well told. "In the Early Christmas Morning" is a pretty though old-fashioned story. Two love affairs of two old bachelors are brough to successful conclusion in a style much less prolix than that of Theodore Winthrop, but one which seems so far away from that of the average short story of to-day as to suggest the author of

LITERARY NOTES

Mr. Howells has cut short his vacation in and has returned to this country. The serious ness of his venerable father caused this change of Marie Corelli, writing about the late E4

Marie Corelli, writing about the late Edmin Yates, says that he was not at all in tune with the morbid school of thought, and hated with a theoughly wholesome hate all books that in their tast. ing seemed to set aside God as an "unknown quas

"I seldom speak of religion," he said one mornies.
"Dut I have thought a good deal about it. And
what I am now trying to do is to live back to the faith of my childhood."

What promises to be a brilliant and definiting the state of the state "Lafe" of Tasso is in Congress of the Probable fessor Solerti, of Bologna, a writer who is probable the leading authority on Tasso as man and por New details taken from about five hundred docments, hitherto unpublished, will be included in the work, which will also have, among other Eustra April 25, 1895. An amusing anachronism lately appeared in a se

ond-hand bookseller's catalogue—"Aristotle on the American Constitution, translated by Kenyon,"

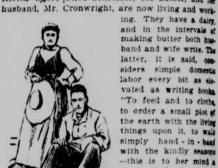
In the latest number of the clever "Chap-Book we find four neat lines by Thomas Bailey Aldrie-lines so wholesome and suggestive that we the manufacture of the benefit of buddless." aspirants in poesy:

I little read those poets who have made A noble Art a pessimistic trade, And trained their Pegasus to draw a hears Through endless avenues of drooping versa

A series of short poems to be entitled "Line Lyrics of Joy" will soon appear in "The Chap-Book." They are from the pen of Mr. Blas Caman-one of the "younger set" of writers, who will it is supposed, revolutionize American literatura Mr. Le Gallienne's pleasant volume, "The Book Bills of Narcissus," is to be increased in the forth-

coming third edition by a supplementary chapter which the author is now writing. The second volume of Mr. E. J. Payne's "History of the New World Called America" will be brought out next season by the Oxford University Press.

Africa where Olive Schreiner, the author, and her



"To feed and to clothe to order a small plot of the earth with the living things upon it, to walk simply hand - in - hand this is to her mind a what some would call the daily prose of it well

yet still thinks so."

The little photograph of the Cronwrights herewith reproduced was taken on the bank of the river which runs through their farm. Olive Schreiner's "Story of An African Farm," by the way, has had a sale in England of 73,000 copies A new edition of 5,000 copies is being prepared.

novelist of unusual power and as an essayist whose work has made her admired wherever the English language is read. Her sparkling and sarcastic "Saturday Review" papers of twenty years ago did a great deal to convince unwilling editors that cals. The intellectual training of a successful at thor is always matter of interest to those who hop to follow in that author's footsteps, but Eliza Lynn's experience will offer few suggestions. Sh was the youngest of twelve children, her father was a clergyman with a limited income, and wha education could be had went to the boys of the family. "I never went to school," said Mrs. Linton not long ago; "I never had a governess nor mas ter; so that everything I do know I have taugh myself, with the time-losing result of having a dunce for my schoolmaster. Languages have always attracted me strangely. I cannot speak or them fluently, but I could once read French, I cannot speak or write man. Spanish and Italian, and at one time Lata, Greek and a little Hebrew. I always loved study of unsympathetic. He had a horror of blue-stocking. and held to the old-fashioned ideal of Marthas for work-a-days and Marys for Sundays,' so that h neither helped me nor encouraged my tastes in any

Mr. Andrew Lang's latest book of verse, "Bat and Arrière Ban," is going into a second edition in England.

Professor F. W. Newman is about to publish book entitled "Christianity Before and After Paul of reached the age at which his brother, the Cardinal died.

The Third Folio Shakespeare sold the other da in London brought the highest price, \$2.175, ever paid for a copy of this particular edition. It is stated in England that this copy is unique in the possession by the seven doubtful plays of a separate and isdependent title page, dated 1664.

THE CHARTS OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

From The St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Our ships of war carry about 3,000 coast charts aplece. With the aid of these they are able to enter any known harbor or skirt any coast without haid of a local pilot. Sometimes a miscalculation brings them to grief, as in the case of the unfortunate Kearsarge. But these accidents are exceptional, and are to be charged to misfortune in reckoning.

brings them to greek the secondents are exceptional, and are to be charged to misfortune in reckoning.

Lieutenant Richardson Clover, now in London, but for a long time in charge of the Hydrographis Office here, tells of an experience when he was the navigator of the Wyoming. Mr. Maynard, who had been a member of the House for many years, was Minister to Turkey. He was very anxious to visit the ports of the Black Sea in a man-of-war. This privilege had been denied to all nations since the Crimean War, but the Grand Vizier of the Sultan, who was very friendly to the United States, cosented to issue a permit to the Wyoming, subject to withdrawal if any of the representatives of its treaty Powers should object. Mr. Maynard was very anxious to sail at daybreak; but when be learned that no pilot was to be taken aboard, he became very much exercised, Lieutenant Clove took him to the chart room ahd showed him that for every little port on the shores of the Black Sa the Wyoming had a chart. There were forty-sen of them in all. Mr. Maynard was quite sure that these charts must have been put on board especially for this excursion. But when he found that every war-vessel of the United States was equally will prepared to cruise in the Black Sea, he said that a had had an object lesson in the value of the chart system, which had taught him much. During his service in Congress he had always opposed appropriations for the chart department of the Hydrographic Office. He admitted his error when he say how valuable the charts were. Mr. Clover told him that the Wyoming was quite as well prepared to cruise in any waters as in the waters of the Black Sea.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

From The London Globe.

Holne, the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, is a pleturesque little village lying in the beautifully wooded fringe of the southern slopes of Dartmost. At the vicarage where he was born, and in the church hard by, have been erected memorials of the great novelist by a committee, of whom the Hon. R. Dawson is chairman. The principal memorial is a stained glass window in the north rasept of the church lilustrating the adoration of the Magi. With the balance in hand, the font in which Kingsley was baptized seven days after his birth is to be renovated. Among those who have subscribed are Sir Thomas Acland, the late Lords Bowen and Hannen, Lord Dartrey, Justice Denman, Mr. Blackmore and the Bishop of London.

SEEKING WORK IN AN ODD PLACE.

From The London Globe.

An early tourist has brought down a curious story from the top of Ben Nevis. It is thus told in a Scotch paper. One afternoon last winter the assistants in the observatory were somewhat startled by a kneck at the door—a most unusual occurence at that season of the year. The visitor turned out to be a tramp from London. His clothes were frozen stiff, and his beard was a mass of ice. After having been warmed and fed, he astonished the hospitable winterers on the Ben by informing them that he had come up in search of work. When at the foot of the mountain some one, had advised him—with the four thous it was that he came to climb the four thousand and some hundred old feet. The assistants and and some hundred old feet. The assistants after replishing his wardrobe, and supplying his after repositions of the door of From The London Globe.